This whole situation sucked. Gretchen had more experience with that than most. She’d made sure others felt just as shitty, cut out from the loop, isolated and ridiculed by her design. Now she occupied that space. She waddled down the halls, her pregnant gut so huge it couldn’t be covered by any of her clothes - and there’s no way she was going to embarrass herself by shopping at a maternity store of all things - which left her open to random belly rubs from the people she once mocked. Strangely, they didn’t have the same animosity toward her.

In fact, everyone seemed obnoxiously friendly. With her and each other. She couldn’t go two steps without seeing a pair of freaks making out, or just a group idly jerking each other off. At the least dress code was better suited for Gretchen. That is to say, there was no dress code. In the last couple of weeks, her mother had made an unofficial decree that students were free to wear whatever they liked. Given that everyone but Gretchen was a perpetually horny futa, they chose either nothing, or close to it.

*She* was the most dressed student now. That was with some guy’s shirt that had turned into little more than a bra for her huge tits, while she wore some ugly cargo shorts that should’ve gone to her knees. Instead, they just into her ass, causing it to muffin over top while barely going halfway down her thigh. Possibly the worst part was how good all the other cocks looked.

Despite her age, Gretchen had seen more dicks than most pornstars. She knew what made for a great one. Good balance of girth and length, a broad head that’d scrape on her insides whenever it pulled back, thick veins, and a fat underbelly for a good flow of cum. While several of the cocks weren’t human in size or shape, they were enticing nonetheless. The rest would’ve been perfect.

If not for the bodies they were attached to.

“Hey,” someone said as Gretchen stopped to catch her breath.

“What?” She snapped.

“Wanna fuck?” Looking up, the blonde was immediately face to face with a fat, red cock, its tip curving into a dull point that shielded a bulbous opening. A stream of thick sludge oozed from it, with a scent so potent Gretchen saw vapours coming off it. She wiped at mouth, clearing the drool from it. Looking up, a pair of breasts almost as big as hers framed a pair of fat, crimson painted lips.

“No, fuck off you freak!” Gretchen spat and attempted a run, but with ten babies crammed into her belly, she was stuck at an urgent waddle. One that made her thighs rub at her oversized pussy lips, fattened from so many pregnancies and births. How many brats had she brought into the world? Enough that her tits were always overflowing with milk. Great, now she needed the bathroom.

“I’m getting sick of this shit,” she moaned as she massaged her breasts, spraying jets of milk into the basin. Much as it mortified her to do this, in a place where anyone could come in and see her no less, it still felt so fucking good. She rubbed her thighs together on purpose, unable to reach around her enormous gut.

She froze as the door opened and a couple crashed in. They didn’t notice her, not even a glance, as one girl pinned the other to a wall, making out as their cocks rose up. Gretchen watched them in the mirror, stuck in place, while one ‘girl’ fingered the other’s cock. It was giant, and still growing, rising up past her reach, then further until it had to bend against the ceiling, curling back down to hang just over the other one. Gretchen bit her lip as thick ropes of pre fell from it, landing on the girl and floor with heavy splats. The kind that throwing wads of slime against tiles would make.

Then the girl reached up and pulled the urethra open, beaming at the fleshy insides. A wave of pre followed, pouring over the floor and touching Gretchen’s foot. Still, she didn’t move, lest she be discovered. Even if it’d probably be better for her to just get out.

The cock grew even further, now touching her head. Gretchen shuddered as it sank lower and, with a sultry squelch, swallowed the girl right down to her shoulders. It couldn’t be about to do what she thought it would. No, she thought with relief as the other girl’s cock was lined up to her friend’s pussy, sliding in without issue. They fucked like that for several minutes, with one’s head trapped in the others prick.

It was freaky, but at least it didn’t go the way Gretchen feared it would. With any luck, they’d finish and leave, then Gretchen could finish emptying her tits before classes started. Oh god, classes. What a fucking joke that was. They didn’t even learn anything half the time anymore. It was just walk in, go through some preamble, then the teacher invited everyone to fuck her and each other. Gretchen was the only left out.

By choice!

Just like it was one of the freak’s choice to climb into the other’s cock. What?! Gretchen’s heart pounded in her ears as she saw the girl’s breasts squish around the opening, then get slurped up along with her waist and hips. Her cock spewed cum as it too was gobbled up. Once her feet slid in, the man-eating phallus shrank, pulling in on itself so the girl’s figure was obvious from the outside. The one swallowing her jerked it off, helping bring the other freak deeper, overtly groping her *through* the dick. Gretchen followed the progress all the way into the balls.

“Squirm for me,” the freak said, now palming her enormous sack, its skin taut around the writhing shape, “Make me feel good as you get churned into cum. Then I’ll shoot you out into someone and you’ll get to do this all over again.”

What? Furthermore, WHAT?!

Gretchen must’ve made a noise. It was involuntary, a slip of her finger and leg, squeezing her nipple and pussy respectively. That’s why she moaned. Which brought the predatory futa’s gaze to her.

“Oh, hey,” she licked her lips, “Wanna join in?”

Gretchen fumbled for a response. Did she mean have sex? Get swallowed? Have that freak shot into her and, if she understood it correctly, knock her up even more?

The bell rang, sparing her from thinking on it too long. The futa shrugged and walked out, dragging her giant sack. Gretchen just stared at the door and proceeded to milk even faster, panting from the unwanted pleasure of it. When she was out of dairy, she stood up and pressed her fat clit into the sink, hissing at the cold touch, but it was so worth it to finally cum.

“That was so fucking hot,” Gretchen gasped in her afterglow, then slapped herself, realising what she’d implied to herself. She couldn’t like anything like that. Not her. Absolutely not. Carmen’s cocks were huge too. Could they do that?

“Stop thinking!”

She got her wish as a rush of water spilled down her legs. It was almost a relief when the first contraction hit, the painful pleasure of it crushing all thought in her mind. Now she could just lay back, spread her legs and enjoy the miracle of childbirth for the umpteenth time.

That evening, she found herself in a very familiar spot on some guy’s bed. It was a frat house, the room shared with others who eagerly accepted her offer to fuck her mouth, ass, tits or hands. Whatever was most convenient really. A good seven or eight inches of cock pounded at her from all angles… they were so small.

Well, no. They were fine. She still felt them scraping along her walls and shooting their loads, but after what she saw earlier that day, they really were just… fine. She could only imagine what one of those freaks must feel like inside her. Even the smallest one she saw had twice as much length. And what about Carmen? Any of those three monster cocks must feel amazing.

Gretchen tore into the bed sheets as her imagination triggered a grand release. She squirted over the prick behind her, shaking as her legs finally gave out. The others finished over her body, warming her with their cum. What a filthy whore she was. Not because of the college guys spraying her, but because she thought of Carmen again. The boys cheered each other, thinking they made her squirt like that. She’d never tell them the truth, that she thought of a giant bitch with three mammoth cocks and it made her go crazy.

She got herself up, gave their cocks a courtesy lick to clean up the last drops, then took a shower. Already, she felt her gut filling out, the sperm having taken the second it entered her womb. The first guy that came in her was pretty prolific. She didn’t know if that influenced how many babies she had, though it sometimes felt like it. If that was the case, then she could only imagine what a futa would do to her.

Standing to the side in front of a mirror, she held her arms out far. Her belly was bigger than that in the morning. She bit her lip, then ushered herself along, grabbing her clothes and waving flippantly to her latest baby daddy. Not that he’d ever know that.

When she got home, her tummy already pushed her shorts out. She had to undo the button just to accommodate it. At the front door, she took a deep breath, preparing herself for the hell that Carmen had stuck her with. Smells and sounds of a stir fry greeted her, oil hissing as the wok tossed about. She tip toed down the hall and glanced into their kitchen, finding her mother happily cooking… in nothing but an apron, with that enormous, prehensile cock swerving behind her. Gretchen gulped and headed for her room, only for her belly to betray her with a loud groan as it swelled outward.

Chelsea turned around, wooden spoon in hand, and beamed at the sight of her pregnant daughter. “Gretchen, baby. You’re just in time. Hope you didn’t fill up too much while you were out.”

She didn’t think her mother knew what Gretchen got up to, but that tone implied otherwise. Even so, she never mentioned it. Although, with a belly like hers, one that looked better suited for someone that wanted to be a mom, and her skimpy attire, it wasn’t hard to guess what she liked doing after school.

“No, it’s fine. I…” Gretchen slapped a hand over her belly, swallowing the groan she wanted to let out from the sensation of expansion. Two extra inches stuck out from her hips, removing any chance of seeing her feet. Though her tits already took care of that.

“Nonsense, I made plenty. And you’re eating for…” another gurgle and more expansion, “Thirteen now, so you need all the food you can get.”

“It… they’re *fine*,” Gretchen said through gritted teeth. Twelve babies?! It was eight just a few days ago. At that rate, she’d be the size of a whale. How many babies would that take? A hundred? A thousand? Tens of thousand?

“Gretchen,” Chelsea said, “Come and sit.”

The way her mother spoke left no room for argument. And Gretchen was hungry. She just didn’t want to be in the same room as *that thing*. Her gaze followed her mother’s lazily waving tail, unsure what to expect from it. Everyone at school was perpetually horny, and she knew her mother was no different. Thankfully, she hadn’t made a move in the days since Carmen changed her.

“You know I worry about you. I’m your mother after all,” Chelsea said as she pushed a stacked plate of greasy noodles toward the heavily pregnant blonde. Gretchen grimaced, but grabbed a fork to dig in, “For the longest time, I wanted you to have the best opportunities in life. So I turned a blind eye to a lot of things.”

Gretchen paused mid-bite.

“But recently, you’ve been doing better. Not fighting, you’re not bully anyone, and you’re even going to be a mother to so many . I’m proud of you. Except,” Chelsea sighed, tail coming to rest in her hands, “You refuse to join in with group activities. Being a loner doesn’t suit you, sweetheart. And I know full well how talented you are with *people*.”

Okay, she knew. There was no doubt she knew Gretchen’s slutty tendencies. Yet she wasn’t upset by it.

“I have to know, are you, my own daughter, a futa-phobe?”

Gretchen took a deep breath, “Of course I am. Girls with dicks like those… it’s not normal. Especially Carmen. It’s disgusting.”

Despite her words, her mother just smiled, “You don’t believe that.”

“Yes I do.”

“Then why do I hear you moaning Carmen’s name at night?”

Gretchen stiffened and dropped her fork. No, no, no, no… she couldn’t be sleep talking, could she? That’s so fucking weird. She can’t be doing shit like that. Especially when her dreams were the only place she allowed Carmen to so much as speak to her. Though it was usually much more than that. Dreams were beyond her control, so that’s the only reason she didn’t hate herself for thinking of Carmen fucking her full of Amazonian futa babies.

“Not to mention you’re drooling over my cock right now.”

“Huh?” She blinked and her world was consumed in a huge, purple space. Her eyes widened as the snake-like cock pulled up, head following it like some rabbit staring down its end, and let out a drop of cum. The smell hit her. She’d just had multiple cocks stuck in her face, their musk fresh in her mind, some even had her own scent on them, but this was so pungent it actually burned her nose. When was the last time her mom washed the fucking thing?

That morning, right? She had to wait for her mom to finish showering so they could get going. Then… then this was just from fucking all day?

“And it’s not like you’re ditching school anymore. I wonder why?”

“Because you kept bitching at me if I did.”

“Oh, that’s right. Well, I’m not too fussed anymore.”

“What?” Gretchen peered around the cock, though she quickly looked back when it moved.

“I needed every student attending, but now that so many wonderful students have perfect attendance, you’re hardly a concern. Of course, it’ll be a shame not to have you around. You’re an inspiration for the other pregnant students. Especially Frankie, she always loves seeing how you handle yourself with twelve babies. Makes her feel like she can handle her eighteen a little easier.”

“Although you’re hardly a match for someone like her. She’s that pregnant, but she’s so considerate and motherly already.”

“Whatever,” Gretchen said and rubbed at her gut, knowing she went through way more than some nobody. They didn’t have to birth and get pregnant again everyday. Besides, she’d get bigger than that soon enough. Maybe if she met someone a little more virile…

Another drop of that fragrant pre fell.

Her mom was a futa… with a cock like that too… she had to be packing a lot of semen.

“I’m leaving!” Gretchen said and stood as fast as her pregnant body could handle. Great, the hormones were already plumping up her ass even more. It scraped along the door frame on her way out. Chelsea didn’t go after her. That woman wasn’t her mother anymore. Only a disgusting freak wanted to fuck their own daughter. Right? That had to be the plan there. That cock did smell great. A little taste was fine. That’s not really incest, was it?

“Shut up!” Those weren’t her thoughts. They couldn’t be. Gretchen wasn’t one of those ugly bastards beating off to porn of daughters sleeping with their moms.

Fuck, her head hurt so bad. But she couldn’t use any painkillers. Her mom wouldn’t let her. Gretchen flopped back on her bed, breath coming out in a rush from the weight of her belly setting on her chest, and clapped both hands over her face to muffle her scream. Being pregnant sucked so fucking bad. She shouldn’t have asked Carmen for help. It’s obvious in hindsight that the queen freak would do something like this to her.

Staring at the ceiling, she tried picturing herself sinking into an ocean. Pitch black, cold and isolated. No one around to piss her off. No freaks to make her think or feel things she never would have otherwise.

But even that was too much. In her personal ocean, a hit of warmth brought light to the depths, bringing to light all the cocks attached to womanly hips, each one dripping such thick pre that it sank in the sea. Their smell caught her next, nose flaring as it went straight to to her crotch. She rose back from the brief sanctuary, grimacing at the sight of her room and the fleshy mass weighing on her.

Then she noticed the gleam on the back of her hand. It was a splash of something. She poked at it with a finger, creating a slimy rope when she pulled away. Taking a sniff, her vision rolled and, before she knew it, her tongue flicked out for a taste. Everyone zeroed in on the sole need to cum. At least there was one advantage to her pregnancy; it made masturbating way better.

She reached around her huge belly and pushed her shorts down. There it was; her pussy. For some reason, she was always soaking wet and ready to go after getting knocked up. It certainly made passing time easier. Rubbing around her slimy lips, juices already flowing fast, she coaxed her clit from its hood. It was big, much larger than she cared for, though it did mean no one could miss it. The amount of boys that didn’t know where to find the damned thing was depressing.

“Where is it… come on… there!” Gretchen cooed as she lifted the horse-cast dildo from its hiding place under her bed. It still smelled of the last time, despite her washing it. How many times had it been now? Whatever the number, it’d be getting a couple more before the night was done. Slipping it in, she sighed as it scraped along her deepest places, angling it up to grind against the g-spot. As she thrust it in, she poured lotion over her belly, rubbing it as she felt it slowly, but surely grow. Before long, she couldn’t see anything past it. Luckily, she was already well into her slew of orgasms.

Morning came and dragged her back to consciousness. Gretchen slapped a sticky hand over her eyes.

“What the hell?” Forcing her eyes open, she found her hand was covered in her fem-cum. Crap, she’d passed out while masturbating again. It happened too often lately. She honestly thought of going to the doctors about it, but decided she’d rather die. Few things could be more embarrassing.

Like her door opening and her mother walking, buck naked, with a tray of steaming hot breakfast.

“Oh my,” the older woman said and set the tray down, “If you were so horny, I would’ve gladly helped out.”

“What?” It was too fucking early for this shit. She finally processed the words after feeling a not so gentle pat on her still full pussy. Trying to sit up proved futile, both because of her enormous belly, but also the sharp pleasure of her pussy curving the dildo inside of her. She fell back, helpless as her mother of all people rubbed her sore, yet no less pleasurable snatch. It did feel nice to have someone else doing it.

Maybe she could just lay there for a bit and wait for her mom to get this shit out of her system? Yeah, that sounded good. It was too much effort to care in the morning, especially with her gut so big. It obscured any sign of her mother. That was good, made it easier for her to imagine it was someone - anyone - else.

Even the cock that hovered in front of her could easily belong to someone else. She just had to close her eyes and pretend it was some giant hunks tending to her.

“Hmm, you taste so good,” her mother said, loudly slurping on her fingers, “I should’ve known. You take after me in some respects after all.”

“Don’t say that,” Gretchen said. It’d ruin the illusion.

“Come now, don’t you want to taste your mommy too? See how it compares.”

“Seriously, stop.”

“Or maybe you’d like to see how I conceived you. Your mom has pretty great tricks, you know.”

“That’s it!” Gretchen threw her weight to the side and tried rolling onto the floor. Unfortunately, her belly stuck much too far, preventing her escape. Still, she had to get away. Exerting more effort than she’d ever admit, she pushed herself up and got to her feet, shuddering as gravity pushed the dildo from her pussy. It took everything in her not to moan from the head scraping along her sensitive walls, “I-I’m leaving!”

“Leaving? School isn’t for another hour.”

“Here. I’m leaving *here*. If you want to be a fucking freak, then do it without me.”

“Oh honey…”

“No! I’m done. Fuck you. Fuck school. Fuck Carmen!”

Shouldn’t have said that last part, she realised too late. It just made her think of being impaled on one of Carmen’s cocks, while the others stood on either side of her, giving her something to jack off and pull herself up. That way she could focus more on the sensations of her walls being spread far apart, while her womb got completely messed up by a dick bigger than her. NO!

“I’m going! Try and contact me and I’m calling the police! Bye!” Gretchen didn’t bother packing anything, she just went for the door, which proved difficult when her belly got stuck, “FUCK!”

“I’ll get the butter,” her mom said, clearly upset. Even so, she still helped free the pregnant blonde. Gretchen had no more words. She just left.

Luckily for her, she had an easy option. Before she knew it, she was back in the frat house, getting railed from behind by the same guy that knocked her up. He didn’t know that, but it certainly didn’t seem like it’d stop him. What a weirdo, she thought as he cradled her fecund belly. When he felt a kick, he fucked her faster, as if trying to send her into labour. Which he did. Just not right away. She at least made it somewhere more private before delivering her twelve brats. Random people came and took them away.

“Better look after them,” she mumbled after the last one left, taking a moment to bask in her flat belly, “Little fuckers are too cute to get messed up like me.”

As usual, she was pregnant again before the day was done, belly expanding even faster this time. Waking up the next day, she found the frat house empty. A scribbled note told her everyone had classes or something, and to make herself at home. That she would. If not for the awful cramping in her stomach. Of course, there was the cravings. She went into the kitchen and scoured the pantries for anything that would satisfy her.

She wanted… something salty. So she grabbed pickles. Not enough. It had to be creamy too. So she tried them with whipped cream, but that was too sweet and far from the right consistency. They had extra thick cream, more like jelly even, that kind of did the trick. But there was something missing.

After an hour of trying, she gave up and plopped onto a couch to watch porn. Her belly wasn’t big enough yet that she couldn’t pleasure herself. It didn’t fully alleviate the cravings, but at least distracted her. Then it struck her, what she wanted so badly. It was right there, in the video, as a group of guys jacked off into a girl’s mouth. Gretchen’s own went dry from the sight.

She wanted - *needed* - cum. But no one was around, and who knew how long that would be. And it was early, she doubted there’d be many losers skulking on a college campus that weren’t occupied with other things. Taking out her phone, she checked Google Maps, hoping for a nearby bar that might be open. She never got that far, her eyes zeroing in on the name ‘Saint Puella’. It wasn’t far. A twenty minute bus ride even.

That place had all the cum she could ever need. And it’s not like she had to suck a futa off for it. They spilled so much, she could just sneak some away. Or she’d bet someone would happily jerk off into a thermos for her or something.

Her belly grumbled in protest. She didn’t give any further thought and waddled to the nearest bus stop.